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the grand catastrophal tableaux, the cavern rock, the last sad daughter of a royal line dead, and by her side her faithful lover, Hæmon, Creon's son, self-slain: dead bridegroom and dead bride. And in the palace court the ill-starred Eurydice, corse, the crowning woe to Thebes' King.

The night is not yet far spent, but wild shrieks the storm wind through the dried leaves of the aëlanthus, and Eolus' strong hands tear from the cottage façade the fast clinging vines. Strangely fascinated I peer forth into the Stygian darkness, and with ear attuned to this wild harmony listen—listen, and memory goes back to a mountain haunt, a summer glory, and forms and faces do gleam from out this wild night-storm—faces aural with song and tone. Two orient countenances I see, with passion-flashing eyes, and locks that rival the raven's plume. One, the Prince of Tones, whose gifts I erst have named: the other, primal born, bears a sacred name, bestowed by Heaven. In a cloud-sphere of harmony do they envelop the listening nymphs and Music-charmed dryads. While with inspiration illuming their dark, expressive lineaments, they wake with wonderful play the divine harmony from those magnificent duos, now running up brilliant scale-passages into dizzy musical heights, now descending those riffs of Tone-verdure, scintillating with sun-light and cloud-shadow, down into the sweet tangled abysses of human love and human woe.

And two double-wedded souls are there, whom Hymen double bound by Music and Artistic accomplishments. Ennius of old boasted that he was triple souled, because he three distinct languages knew. Now what shall Enrico claim, whose brow is bound with triple bays: and Regina, surpassing the boastful Roman in her lingual acquirements—while gifted with a voice majestic, contralto-deep, with the brilliance and dazzling flight of a divine soprano. Whole scenes she sings from the immortal works of the laurel-wreathed. Trembling and awe-stricken do the mountain-dwellers listen to her awesome vocalization of that mighty "Spirit Song," mighty in power, mighty in mystery; a strange, unearthly, terrible song that no feeling or intelligence of mine can annalize.

But the loveliest refrain that comes back to me from that bouquet of Tone-blossoms is Enrico's wood-melodies; fresh, fragrant, and dew-dripping, scenting of cooling mosses and quivering lily-buds, redolent with the sweet, virgin earth, and the hum of the honey bee, flashing with sun-gleam and star-light, jocund with the sweet notes of the wood-robin and the meadow-lark.

And still rages the tempest without, swaying and twisting with rude strength my Lombard friend, the shining poplar; hurling the liquid balls through the vine-leaves against the window panes, and shaking the cottage with menacing violence. Aflack, aflack for the morrow's fête! But lo! the morning dawns! A morning iridescent with promise. Fly swift, ye winged hours athwart heaven's glittering dome! And now the dial points to the mystic hour. With fluttering expectancy, I descend to the little melodic fane. Mamma is already enthroned in her chair of ease, and Penserosa, with moon-lucid eyes, peers through the soft folds of window lace, and heralds the approach of the day's high guests—a glit-

tering throng, engendered from the purple skies, ethereal presenced. Some bear lutes upon their arms, and some the lettered scroll, and all bear import of their high emprise. First, a columnar figure, blazing Hyperion, with golden brown hyacinthine curls, and mien of majestic brightness; and though himself an oracle and thence unused to listen, stands with reverent head, while la diva sings with liquid grace, Ines' mournful "Addio."

Now swells and falls, pulses, and throbs the dulcet notes, breathed out from my new found Love, but stronger hands than mine, and surer, awake those delicious harmonies. Anon there springs beneath il maestro's touch a magic murmuring fountain; and foam and spray, and crystal wave and glittering Iris-bow distinct arise, although unseen; and airy lilies, white and odorous, budding and blown, do fringe that fount divine. Enchanted, bewildered, the high Muses drain the nectar flood, and halcyon joy and wild delight make drunk the listening souls.

A vesper hymn is chanted low, to conclude the day's bright festival. La Bergère, proud woodland queen, intones with sweet melodic voice, while 'Apollo, morning-bright Apollo, turns the leaves with face of sun-light radiance.

CECILIA.

#### THE UNFORTUNATE NIGHTS OF A VIOLONCELLIST.

— SOUVENIRS.

Translated from *La Gazette Artistique* by MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

WEISBADEN, \* \* August, 1859.

\*\*\*\* We were the envy and despair of the *table d'hôte*.

They heard us laugh from one end to the other of the immense *fer à cheval* de Nassauerhof, and those grave faces often asked each other how it was we found so much gaiety at a German *table d'hôte*.

Wieniawski had just related to us with sparkling animation a number of adventures in his recent travels; each one of us added his quota of souvenirs, which it would take long to relate; but, for to-day, I will only speak of the travels of Piatti in England.

Piatti holds the violin in horror, and violinists in execration.

Then, listen, judge, and do not condemn him.

It was with the celebrated German violinist, Molique, that he traveled for the first time in England.

Molique's room was contiguous to that of Piatti. The proximity was charming as long as the day lasted; but as soon as night came, and as soon as Piatti had drawn his curtains around him, Molique would commence to smoke. If he had contented himself with smoking, that would not have been an evil, for tobacco benumbs the senses, and provokes sleep; but he walked whilst smoking, and in walking, he prevented poor Piatti from sleeping.

It was in vain that he besought, prayed Molique to cease walking.

— I can not smoke without walking, he said, and I would sooner die than not smoke.

After this Piatti traveled with Sainton.

Sainton did not spend the night in walking,

but he had a mania for dominoes, he possesses a will equal to Jules Janin, and he passed a portion of the night in playing with one of his friends. Piatti, who, like Napoleon, has the faculty of sleeping only half an hour, when there is only half an hour to sleep, Piatti slept whilst the two friends played; but he was unfailingly awakened each time they threw the dice, for each time Sainton exclaimed, at the same time striking the table with his fist and the floor with his foot:

"*Coquin de double-six*, then I am always to have you."

Then Piatti, being unable to sleep, could do nothing better than to join the domino party. He did not find in that any great enjoyment, but it was necessary to pass away the time.

His mishaps with violinists were not to end here.

Beal proposed a tour with Ernst. "*A la bonne heure*," said Piatti, "Ernst is in very delicate health, consequently he will not smoke at night, he will sleep, it will be necessary for him to sleep; I will have his physician prescribe sleep; and I,— I will sleep also. He will not play dominoes, and I have never seen him play chess; chess, a game of the imagination, does not make any noise, and should he play in the night, well! that will not keep me from sleeping."

Enchanted with these good reasons, Piatti commenced his tour with Ernst. They arrived at night at an inn, and both slept in the same room. Piatti already slept profoundly, when he was suddenly awakened by these words, pronounced by Ernst: "Perfidious one, you shall die!" Piatti, terrified, drew his head under the coverlid. Then he heard a confused sound of words, whinnings, lamentations, and, at length, "Well, yes, I will pardon you." At these words, Piatti, reassured, ventured to put his nose outside the coverlid; but he passed the remainder of the night in melancholy reflections upon his destiny.

I have no luck with violinists, said he; this one has the night-mare . . . he dreams aloud; but that is not his fault, and I cannot prevent it.

Piatti had forgotten his mishaps, his sleepless nights, when a year ago, he made a tour with Sivori. He had just retired to bed, when Sivori entered his room, which adjoined Piatti's. How well I shall sleep, thought Piatti, feeling that drowsiness pass over his eyes which usually precedes sleep; but scarcely had he extinguished his candle, when he heard or thought he heard a noise which he could not describe: it was like the clattering of little hammers.

— Those are mice, said he, and turned over in his bed; but to the clattering was added a noise, which recalls what is so often heard in the south of France and Italy, that kind of buzzing produced by mosquitoes. It is not possible! said Piatti, it is freezing cold; this is not the season for mosquitoes. It is an illusion of the country; notwithstanding, I am not at Bergame, and do not dream.

He rang, he called, they came, and assured him there were neither mice in the hotel, or mosquitoes in the air; nevertheless he continued to hear the clatterings mingled with light whizzings.

At length, approaching by degrees to the place whence the sounds seemed to proceed, he arrived at Sivori's chamber, and found him in his shirt,

but without a light snapping his fingers upon a violin, and scraping with an unstrung bow the loosened strings.

This was the kind of study, in which Sivori spent the night, which produced the inexplicable noise and kept Piatti from sleeping.

— Listen, he said, to Sivori, I have lived in Spain, where the *serénos* awaken you at every hour of the night to inform you of the state of the weather; I have sojourned in Holland, where men are payed expressly to awaken you, by shaking the rattle, to tell you the hour, and to wish you good night; I have even slept at Antwerp notwithstanding the chimes which play every hour variations of the "Carnival of Venice," and every half hour the bass drum air of the "Caïd": thus you see that I am well organized for sleep. But I never could accustom myself to sleep with mice and mosquitoes, and anything that can remind me of the mouse which scratches, and the mosquito that bites, is supremely odious to me. So, my friend, permit me to suggest that you no longer pursue this imitation, or better, let us separate.

They separated. After this Beal engaged Herman for several concerts with Piatti.

— One moment, said Piatti; do you smoke in the night?

— Never.

— Do you play dominos in the night?

— Rarely.

— Do you practice your violin in the night?

— In the night I sleep.

— In a word, are you a somnambulist?

— Not that I am conscious of.

This reply was not entirely satisfactory, nevertheless Piatti ventured this time, declaring that it would surely be the last. Have you supped? he asked Herman.

— No, but I will do so.

— Very well! we will take tea together, and chat.

Since his nights of wakefulness, Piatti had taken each night a pill in his tea. These pills, which possessed the virtue of giving sleep to those who did not sleep at all, would inevitably throw into a lethargic slumber those who ordinarily sleep pretty well.

*Voilà mon affaire*, said Piatti, regretting bitterly that he had not thought before of a means so simple of quieting his unfortunate *compagnons de voyage*.

The next morning it was himself who went to awaken Herman, who was snoring like a German top.

— Have you slept well? inquired Piatti.

— Like a marmot.

— Will you take tea with me this evening also?

— How!—but I will count upon it with pleasure.

— You do not know the pleasure you give me in accepting; had you refused me, I should not have slept.

— You are too amiable.

And every evening the pills were adroitly thrown into the cup of tea prepared for Herman, and each morning it was Piatti who was obliged to awaken him.

— How I sleep in this country!

— It is the Thames fog, replied Piatti.

— What delicious sleep!

— It is the effect of the heavy atmosphere of England.

— I think I sleep too much.

— No matter. . . sleep. . . it is the death of each day. . . one must only think of the morrow. . .

Finally, Piatti travelled in the watering cities of the Rhine.

When Wieniawski proposed to him this tour, he saw a shiver pass over Piatti's face.

— What is the matter? he asked.

— Nothing, replied Piatti. . . bitter souvenirs now almost effaced.

And upon Wieniawski's urgent request, Piatti gave him the narration of his travels with Molique, Sainton, Ernst, Sivori, down to the adventure with Herman.

— Reassure yourself, my friend, said Wieniawski; I only smoke after dinner, I only play dominoes after having smoked, and I only dream in silence. Beside, I am about to marry, and to reform, I shall commence to habituate myself to sleeping well.

— Then, said Piatti, I accept; let us travel, play, smoke, poetize, dream; but in the night, for the love of God, let us sleep.

The two friends set out; only Wieniawski, in exchange for his promise not to trouble the sleep of Piatti, made him promise, on his part, to add nothing to the cup of tea that he took every evening.

Behold six months have passed since the agreement was made, and it had been faithfully kept by the contracting parties.

#### LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

ANDREA CASTAGNO,

Born 1403, died 1477;

AND

LUCA SIGNORELLI,

Born 1440, died 1521.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, we find Lorenzo de' Medici, the *Magnificent*, master of the Florentine republic, as it was still denominated, though now under the almost absolute power of one man. The mystic and spiritual school of Angelico and his followers no longer found admirers in the city of Florence, where the study of classical literature, and the enthusiastic admiration of the Medici for antique art, led to the cultivation and development of a style wholly different; the painters, instead of confining themselves to scriptural events and characters, began at this time to take their subjects from mythology and classical history. Meantime, the progress made in the knowledge of form, the use of colors, and all the technical appliances of the art, prepared the way for the appearance of those great masters who in the succeeding century carried painting in all its departments to the highest perfection, and have never yet been surpassed.

About 1460, a certain Neapolitan painter, named ANTONELLO DA MESSINA, having travelled into the Netherlands, learned there from Johan v. Eyk and his scholars the art of managing oil-colors. Being at Venice on his return, he communicated the secret to a Venetian painter, Domenico Veneziano, with whom he had formed a friendship, and who, having acquired considera-

ble reputation, was called to Florence to assist Andrea di Castagno in painting a chapel in Santa Maria Novella. Andrea, who had been a scholar of Masaccio, was one of the most famous painters of the time, and a favorite of the Medici family. On the occasion of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, when the Archbishop of Pisa and his confederates were hung by the magistrates from the windows of the palace, Andrea was called upon to represent, on the walls of the Podestà, this terrible execution—"fit subject for fit hand;" and he succeeded so well that he obtained the surname of Andrea *degli Impiccati*, which may be translated Andrea, *the hangman*. He afterwards earned a yet more infamous designation—Andrea, *the assassin*. Envious of the reputation which Domenico had acquired by the beauty and brilliance of his colors, he first, by a show of the most devoted friendship, obtained his secret, and then seized the opportunity when he accompanied Domenico one night to serenade his mistress, and stabbed him to the heart. He contrived to escape suspicion, and allowed one or two innocent persons to suffer for his crime; but on his death-bed, ten years afterwards, he confessed his guilt, and has been consigned to merited infamy. Very few works of this painter remain. Four are in the Berlin Museum; they are much praised by Lazzi, but, however great their merit, it is difficult to get rid of the associations of disgust and horror connected with the character of the man. It is remarkable that none of his remaining pictures are painted in oil-colors, but all are in distemper, as if he had feared to avail himself of the secret acquired by such flagitious means, and the knowledge of which, though not the practice, became general before his death.

In the year 1471 Sixtus IV. became pope. Though by no means endued with a taste for art, he resolved to emulate the Medici family, whose example and patronage had diffused the fashion, if not the feeling, throughout all Italy; and having built that beautiful chapel in the Vatican called by his name, and since celebrated as the *Sistine Chapel*, the next thing was to decorate it with appropriate paintings. On one side of it was to be represented the history of Moses; on the other, the history of Christ; the old law and the new law, the Hebrew and the Christian dispensation, thus placed in contrast and illustrating each other. As there were no distinguished painters at that time in Rome, Sixtus invited from Florence those of the Tuscan artists who had the greatest reputation in their native country. The first of these was Sandro (that is, Alessandro) BOTTICELLI, remarkable for being one of the earliest painters who treated mythological subjects on a small scale as decorations for furniture, and the first who made drawings for the purpose of being engraved. These, as well as his religious pictures, he treated in a fanciful, capricious style. Six of his pictures are in the Museum at Berlin—one an undraped Venus; and two are in the Louvre. Sandro was a pupil of the monk Fra Filippo already mentioned, and after his death took charge of his young son Filippino Lippi, who excelled both his father and his preceptor, and became one of the greatest painters of his time. Another painter employed by Pope Sixtus was LUCA SIGNORELLI, of Cortona, the first who not only drew the human form with admirable correctness, but, aided by a degree of anatomical knowledge rare in those days, threw such spirit and expression into the various attitudes of his figures, that his great work, the frescoes of the